Koi No Yokan

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Koi No Yokan

by JSinister32

Summary

> “Do you remember the first thing you said on the day we met?” Will looked up from his meal to find Hannibal twirling his fork between his fingers, the maroon and gold of his eyes melding together as he gazed out at the lights in the distance. The look on his face was very carefully neutral; it was as if he expected to keep the former profiler from understanding his every mood. It had been many months since they had discussed any part of the life that existed before; it was no longer necessary for them to do so.
>
> *And what brings it to the forefront now I wonder, and with such a look of trepidation to accompany it?*

Several months after their escape from Baltimore, Will and Hannibal discuss life, love and the possibility of forever together.

Notes

Corpse, darling. I rewrote this story to give it a little more life. In your need for domestic fluff, I gift it, with my love, to you. This is one of my favorite short pieces I've ever written. I hope the rework of it heals your heart from your week, even just a little.
Warmest and Fluffiest of Hugs,
🤍JM

NOTE: I do not allow translations or additional archiving locations. Please let me know if you find this work anywhere except AO3, posted by me. I hate adding this note, but I hate my work being stolen even more. Thank you for understanding.

***Koi No Yokan**: (n.) Japanese*

"Premonition of Love";
The sense one can have upon first meeting
Another person; that the two of them
Are going to fall in love.

This differs from the idea of
"Love at first sight" in that it does not imply
that the feeling of love already exists.

Rather it refers to the knowledge that
a future love is inevitable.

"Do you remember the first thing you said on the day we met?" Will looked up from his meal to find Hannibal twirling his fork between his fingers, the maroon and gold of his eyes melding together as he gazed out at the lights in the distance. The look on his face was very carefully neutral; it was as if he expected to keep the former profiler from understanding his every mood. It had been many months since they had discussed any part of the life that existed before; it was no longer necessary for them to do so.

And what brings it to the forefront now I wonder, and with such a look of trepidation to accompany it?

Will swallowed the bite of food in his mouth before taking a slow sip of wine. He took the brief moment granted to him to think carefully upon his response. Hannibal watched him drink, his eyes trained on the spot where the crystal touched his lower lip. The very weight of his gaze affected Will in ways he would have never thought possible before their escape from Hannibal's home, but since completing their trek across the ocean, he found himself far more open to admitting his own appetites.

Everything about France slowed them down; their meals sometimes turned into hours-long discussions, only selecting a morsel from their plates when they felt the pangs of hunger. They could go days without a sentence uttered between them, their skin speaking words their lips could never manage.

In the months that followed their departure from the states, they had taken the time to heal the grievous wounds that covered their bodies, caring for one another at those most crucial moments where they existed in the breaths between life and death. At any time in those first few days, either man could have simply walked away, leaving the other to perish without proper care. Instead, they looked after one another, resting before they tried to make a life from the ashes of what they had left behind.

There had been a brief but potent period of hatred and distrust; Will slept poorly those first few nights in the hostel they shared, drowning each night somewhere between the sea and the love he thought he'd given up. Hannibal was nothing if not patient, and over the course of

many days at such close proximity, their desire to heal evolved into the first stages of forgiveness and friendship. Their affection had only grown, borne aloft from the small seed of hope created by their fragile connection, commingled with the knowledge that they belonged to one another, whatever may come their way.

What Will now felt for Hannibal was staggering. He no longer attempted to deny what had blossomed from the fire and blood from which they rose. He accepted it; embraced the feeling with open arms. He knew Hannibal felt it too, even if it was rarely voiced between them. He only had to watch how the other man behaved to see the truth.

Hannibal gazed at him as if nothing else in the world existed

Their eyes met from across the table, breaking Will from his reverie. The doctor raised an eyebrow in question. Will smothered a smile and cleared his throat to cover his embarrassment.

"I apologize," he murmured, his voice as soft and dark as candle smoke. "But I seem to have forgotten the question." Hannibal laughed, the sound open and free in the cool night air. They both had taken a liking to dining on the terrace of Hannibal's estate, which overlooked the distant illumination of Paris. The sight of the doctor's eyes filled with the glittering lights of the French metropolis never ceased to hold Will's fascination, often causing brief lapses in his attention when they spoke. The former profiler picked up his fork and knife and cut another small piece of meat, watching Hannibal's face as the doctor shook his head good naturedly.

"It is quite refreshing that you choose to admit so freely when you've gotten lost in thoughts other than those pertaining to our current conversation," the doctor replied. "It's… endearing."

Will reached across the table to lay his fingertips against Hannibal's wrist, enjoying the sensation as the doctor's pulse beat beneath his skin. The sharp intake of breath at the gentle contact made his heart squeeze behind his ribs. *So tactile. Still so hungry for one another.*

The physical aspect of their relationship was still in its infancy, but once the initial barrier was broken, both men fell upon one another with all the ferocity of starved lions. The days that followed the first time they had made love had been wiled away in bed, baring much more than just their skin. Their heartfelt discussions that took place in the hours between each session only served to fuel their need for an intimate connection. The secrets they shared between kisses were gasoline to the inferno that had risen up between them. They fucked to the point of exhaustion, only to fall asleep curled up against one another like a pile of hunting dogs; always touching, seeking one another's scent and warmth, even in the deepest sleep.

It took almost two weeks before they made an attempt to rejoin the outside world. They had eased into sex with the fervency of teenagers, and had found that, as with every other aspect, they were utterly compatible. For the second time that evening, Will lost himself to his memories; this time, of only hours before. Hannibal had taken him against the bedroom wall, driving into him from behind as he gasped and pleaded to come. So lost had they become in their pleasure, it had almost made them late for the opera.

The pleasure that played out behind his eyes ensured that Will missed the question for a second time. Hannibal's eyes gleamed with dark delight as Will stammered out a second apology; it wasn't difficult to discern the course of his lover's train of thought. Hannibal stood and slowly circled the table, coming to a stop directly behind Will's chair. Leaning down, he let his lips brush the delicate shell of the other man's ear, wringing a shuddering moan from Will's lips.

"I know that we are still hungering for one another, my love," he whispered, letting the words caress Will's skin. "I feel the pull too. However, it is essential that we still communicate, even when the fever is upon us." Will's heart raced; he loved the language Hannibal chose to describe their desire for pleasure. The doctor's hand wound into Will's hair, gently tugging on the silken ends of his curls. The former profiler obeyed the unspoken request, tilting his face upwards to receive Hannibal's kiss. Their lips met in the starlight, mouths brushing together as they tasted the passion they so readily shared. The kiss held within it a deep sense of longing; awe that they were able to do this whenever they wished. Nothing he had experienced had made Will's heart feel as if it healed and broke simultaneously, but their kisses left him feeling both wrecked and put together, like a kintsukuroi vase.

All too soon, Hannibal ended the kiss, and returned to his seat, a small smile playing with the very corners of his mouth. Will panted at full pelt, and tried to get himself back under some semblance of control. He reached for his wine with trembling hands and took a small but fortifying sip.

"Ask me again," he finally murmured, holding Hannibal's gaze as he drained his wine. "I promise, I'm paying attention this time." Hannibal smiled, and sipped from his own glass. The olive oil from their vegetable medley shone on his lower lip, catching the low lights in the most enticing manner. Will's gaze snagged on it as he spoke and he almost missed the question for a third time. He raised his eyes to meet the bloodstained gaze staring at him with exasperated affection and grinned.

"I heard you that time," he laughed, reaching for the bottle of wine. "I remember the context of the conversation, but not the conversation itself. Other than being angry with Jack for bringing you in, of course." There was nothing more beautiful to Will than the sound of Hannibal's unguarded, uncultured laugh. It seemed to rise up from the very center of his being, from a place he'd long forgotten existed. His eyes sparkled with it; he seemed to glow faintly as it broke across his face.

"It was just a single word," he replied conversationally, "but it was what initially drew me to you. I caught a glimpse of the predator within you, rather than assuming you were another sheep waiting for the slaughter." He leaned forward with his glass; Will emptied what remained of the bottle into it. Hannibal took a small sip, holding his lover's gaze as he took his seat once more.

"Think on it. To help you remember, I can tell you the context of the conversation was Freddie Lounds." Will's eyes brightened.

"Tasteless," he recalled with fond familiarity. "I called Freddie Lounds's choice to upload the pictures of the Shrike's killings tasteless. God, that seems like a lifetime ago." His brow

furrowed as he met the other man's eyes. "Why do you ask?" Hannibal tilted his head, considering his response.

"You are familiar, I believe, with the concept of love at first sight?" Will rolled his eyes but nodded, wondering where the conversation was going. Hannibal watched him for a moment, his heart thumping quietly as he recalled the moment for himself.

"There is another concept of which I am more fond," he replied quietly. "It is Japanese in its origin, called Koi No Yokan. Not love at first sight… but the idea that when we lay eyes upon another, we know, on instinct, that we will come to love that person." He took a small sip of wine, watching as the liquid rolled inside his glass. "While I may not believe in the concept of seeing someone and loving them instantly, I believe there are those we meet in our lifetime that resonate so deeply within us, we understand that intimacy and love are inevitable. It could take many forms; platonic, parental, romantic. It isn't bound to the restrictions of 'happily ever after'." Hannibal raised his eyes to meet his lover's gaze, willing him to understand what he was so poorly attempting to convey. *I know you darling. Know you feel it as much as I.*

"When we spoke that first day," he continued, "I felt something beyond general sympathy for your plight, or the calculated need to take you apart. I saw that you could be more, and in your becoming, I could easily grow to care for you beyond the boundaries of friendship. I didn't know at that time, the magnitude of what I would feel for you, or that our paths would become so inexorably entwined. I didn't know it was possible to share this life without restrictions with someone else, but you have managed to surprise me at every turn. I have grown to love you more than I thought it possible to love anyone besides Mischa. And I don't know what I would do now, should that love ever fade." Hannibal's throat hitched at his admission; he covered it discreetly with another fortifying sip of wine.

Will's eyes glittered in the soft illumination, his gaze filled with unrestrained affection.

"I was nothing before you," he replied quietly. "There was so much I wanted... and so much I was afraid of becoming. Fear surrounded me at every turn, threatening to choke the life from me before I could think to take a breath." His voice shook; he toyed with his wine glass, rolling the stem between his hands, watching the blood red liquid shimmer. *Black in the moonlight. It looks just as dark.*

"There wasn't a time when we were apart that I didn't regret my original decision," he confessed. "I knew it was only a matter of time before I was forced back into the fray that is the FBI, and I didn't think I'd survive the second round." His gaze lifted to where Hannibal sat, transfixed at the words that spilled into the air like a prayer. *I should have told you a long time ago. I should have told you everything.*

"Then, as if by the will of the universe itself, came the opportunity to do what I should have done before you were captured. I could take you away, go with you and make something of my life; something more than the safe space I settled for. I wanted what you gave me; color and light, mingled with the pain of self discovery. I wanted your love and your hate; your attention on me at all times. I wanted to be the song you played when your fingers struck the keys of a harpsichord; I wanted to be the name on your lips when you were asked about a

significant other. I wanted you, and I wanted to hate you. Does that make sense?" Hannibal nodded slowly.

"When did you discover that the hate to which you tried to cling had turned to love?" Will considered, his gaze turning back to the wine in his glass.

"I don't know," he replied honestly. "I know that love and hate are part of the same deep breath, connected to two ends of the golden string that fate deals out to each of us. You can't have love without some degree of hate, or it's not real love. It's a shadow of it, perhaps. I couldn't love you as deeply or as desperately as I do without having hated you first."

Fragile from his own confession, Will stood and walked to the edge of the balcony. He placed his hands on the cold marble railing and looked out into the night, filling his lungs with clean summer air. He felt Hannibal approach; sensed his presence like a second heartbeat beneath his skin. Warm arms encircled his waist from behind, drawing him back against the firm expanse of Hannibal's chest. The doctor's breath danced along the back of his neck raising every hair on his skin. Will's breathy moan was lost in the breeze, even as his body tightened with need.

"And do you believe that you'll ever fall away from this feeling?" Hannibal asked against his skin. "This connection we have discovered? If you could, would you choose to have never felt it at all? Would you have remained safely quarantined within the Bureau, shackled to a job you mostly despised, if you would have known how much blood had to be shed for us to become what we are together?" Will leaned further back into Hannibal's arms, letting his partner take his weight. They watched the lights silently for a moment, both lost in their own thoughts. Will's answer was quiet, contemplative when it came.

"No," he replied. "Of course not. There is no relationship that doesn't require some sort of sacrifice. Ours may be more… visceral than others; that much is certain. But it's the price we both willingly pay for the love we share. That's all that's important to me."

The arms around Will vanished; he shivered, already missing their warmth. He turned, confused, only to see Hannibal removing something from his pocket. His breath caught in his throat; his heart thrashed wildly behind his ribs. The gaze that met his was filled with fire; warm and bright and all consuming. There was no fear, only happiness and hope. So much hope.

"I know that it has taken us time to get to where we are," Hannibal murmured, "but I never want you to doubt that what we have built is more than I could have ever imagined sharing with another. I want to continue to build upon it, from today until the end of my days." Will's entire body began to shake; tears coursed down his cheeks, unknown and unheeded. All he could see was the man that lowered himself to a knee before him. *God- oh god he-*

"I cannot imagine a day without you by my side," Hannibal whispered. "Marry me, Will. Be mine as you were always meant to be."

For a moment, Will couldn't bring himself to speak. His heart was so full, so happy, he thought it might burst right out of his chest. *It hurts to love,* he thought wildly. *But god, the ache is good.*

When the words still refused to come, Will sank to his knees, pulled Hannibal close and pressed their lips together in a soft, sweet kiss. Hannibal's fingers trembled against his skin as he reached for his hand, sliding the heavy platinum band in place on his third finger. The weight settled against his skin, feeling achingly familiar.

It was as if it was always meant to be there.

Laughing, kissing, they stood and made their way inside. They didn't make it to the bedroom, but the rug in front of the main room fireplace was soft and warm as they shed their clothes, letting them fall where they may. The firelight caught the metal of Will's ring they undressed, making it shine as brilliant as a distant star. When Will took Hannibal into his mouth, reveling in his texture, his taste, feeling the doctor's hands wind into his hair, he splayed his fingers against the other man's stomach so he could see the metallic glint on his hand. The incredible sight of his fiancé, his head thrown back in pure, unadulterated pleasure as Will worked his cock between his lips, was only enhanced by its presence.

When Hannibal coaxed him into his lap, Will wrapped his hands around the doctor's shoulders, ensuring the ring was never out of his sight. Even as they moved together, taking their pleasure drop by drop, Will couldn't take his eyes from the perfection that now graced his finger.

Many hours later, when they climaxed a second time, the platinum band seemed to absorb the love that radiated out from their bodies, filling it with a quiet unspoken promise of all the years to come.

When Hannibal carried him to their bedroom, Will wound his arms around his lover's neck, his eyes stayed trained on the occupied space of his own hand. The ring sat there; a reminder that, no matter what else occurred in his lifetime, he would never again be alone in the world. Nothing was more real, more beautiful than what they shared between them. They slid beneath the sheets of the enormous bed they shared, wrapped in each other's arms, easily finding a comfortable position as they had every single night for months. They drifted off towards sleep, the ring keeping silent watch, ensuring that all who bore witness to its place on Will's hand would know that they belonged to each other. The love they shared would forever be evident within that simple symbol; a light where no darkness would ever reach again.

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